France's Jane Austen by Vivian Mercier

THE NATION

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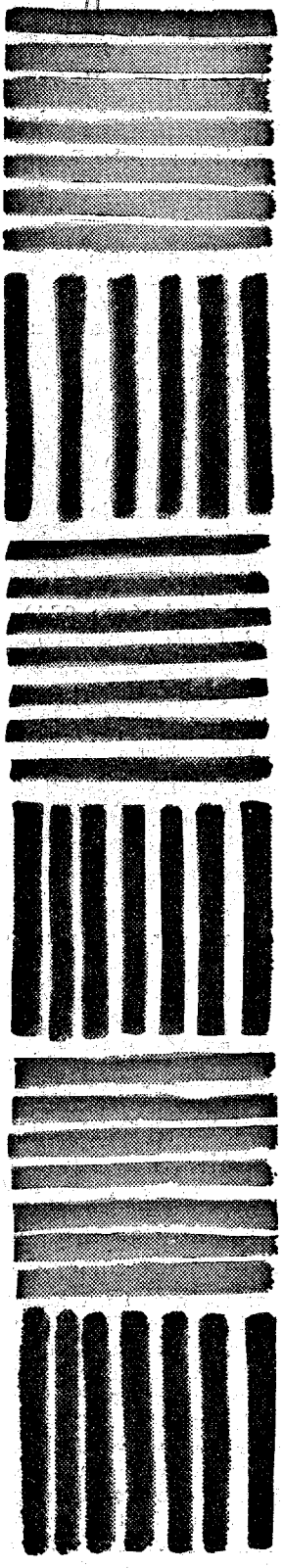

Will Success Spoil Alcoholics Anonymous?

Jerome Ellison

AFRICA

THE MUTINOUS ARMIES

David Hapgood

The President and The Press

Ted Lewis

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LETTERS

Agitation and politics

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Although I might agree with some of Mr. Grossman's criticisms of the Voluntary Organizations' Conference—which I attended—in New York a few weeks ago ("The Peace 'Crowd,'" Jan. 20), I would like to raise some questions about his premises . . . particularly about the invidious comparison he draws between the "peace movement" and the "peace crowd. . . ." I would suggest that the distinction is not one of crowds and movements but one of politicians and agitators—and I do not use either term pejoratively. The role of the agitator was spelled out . . . in John J. Chapman's long out of print *Practical Agitation*. . . .:

> *The short lesson that comes out of long experience in political agitation is something like this:* All *the motive power in all of these movements is the instinct of religious feeling. All the obstruction comes from attempting to rely on anything else. Conciliation is the enemy. . . .*
>
> *It is the very greatest folly . . . for an agitator to be content with a partial success. It destroys his cause. He fades instantly. You cannot see him. . . . Compromise is loss. . . .*

The object of the politician, on the other hand, is to . . . make discrete moves toward particular goals. . . . I do not myself see how you can have a peace *movement* without having both agitators and politicians, working in the ways each can best contribute to the movement. . . .

It often seems to me that the failure of peace groups to decide whether they shall be agitatory or political leads them into self-defeating channels. If there is a bill a group decides it is very useful to actually have passed, it must choose those techniques which are likely to contribute to passing the bill—and this may involve carefully disassociating itself from the bill. If, on the other hand . . . you are thinking of boycotting or picketing a school when nothing the school board can do can possibly answer your needs, you must, I think, accept your role as agitator and exploit it. . . .

Mr. Grossman's failure to make this kind of distinction was shared in some ways by the organizers of that conference. The conference was predominately political in tone and yet one of the keynote speakers was Bayard Rustin, whose work has in the main (to risk categorizing one of the great men of our time) been as an agitator. Which reminds me of another of Chapman's remarks concerning the agitator: "If you are to do it, you must do it alone."

Paul Lauter
American Friends Service Committee

Tribute to Leavis

Utrecht, The Netherlands

Dear Sirs: A trust fund has been established to pay tribute to the work of F. R. Leavis as teacher and critic after his retirement last year. With the sum raised, it is hoped to endow a lectureship at Cambridge University bearing his name. . . . The trust has an English committee, as well as a number of consultants in countries around the world. Those in the United States are: Professors Seymour Betsky, Fulbright lecturer, University of Utrecht, The Netherlands, Reuben A. Brower, Harvard University, and Yvor Winters, Stanford University. Copies of a leaflet which describes the aims of the trust may be obtained from Mr. Andre Schiffrin, Pantheon Books, 22 East 51 St., New York 22, N.Y.

Seymour Betsky

One-to-one

New York City

Dear Sirs: When our "Counselors," "Educators" and "Professors of Family Life" stop breaking their heads and typewriters over my generation's sexual activities [see "Sex on the Campus" by Lester A. Kirkendall, Feb. 17], they may find that our . . . difficulty lies not in avoiding sex but in avoiding scars.

The real trouble is that most of us aren't capable of estimating our qualities as individuals rather than as one-half of a couple. This dependency on exclusive one-to-one relationships, reinforced by constant companionship and at times by sex, is a much more dangerous problem — especially for young women. . . .

M. Jane Pollock

Sense of rebirth

Waverly, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Your reviewer, Gordon Rogoff [Feb. 10], painted himself into a corner in panning *After the Fall*. Language as strong as he used is almost impossible to retract, and he thereby cuts himself out of any chance to find out what the play is about. . . .

There is no argument about whether or not this is a "good" play; that it is "good" becomes self-evident by the way it gets under my skin and contributes to the sense of rebirth and excitement which I am seeking in life. . . .

Robert C. Murphy, Jr., M.D.

Young word-sleuth

Eastchester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Please send me the ground rules for *Nation* puzzles. Although I am only twelve years old, I am very interested in crossword puzzles and double crostics. I am able to complete the crosswords that appear in the Sunday *New York Times*, although their crostics are sometimes bewildering. My parents subscribe to *The Nation* and I always ponder at what I think may be the right answers in your puzzles which I think resemble the puns and anagrams featured in the *Times*. However, the ingenuity used in your puzzles seems to surpass the latter, and yours are even cleverer in some cases than crosswords in the *London Times*.

Peter R. Rainer

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The Inertia of Folly

When a policy has been nullified by events, it is the policy that must be discarded, not the events. Yet it is even harder for a great nation to reconcile itself to obdurate circumstance than for an individual to do so. Nowhere is this clearer than in American policy toward Cuba. We are antagonizing allies and enemies alike, and giving to others a market which geographically has been and should be ours. All this in the name of isolating Castro, but all we are doing is isolating ourselves.

One would think that the directors of our foreign policy were incapable of reading nine-digit numbers. The British trade deficit for January was $459,970,000, the largest on record and up $184 million from the preceding month. Did Mr. Johnson and Mr. Rusk think the British would pass up a chance to trade with Cuba, or with the Soviet Union, or with any country that offered a market? Moreover, this is traditional British policy, fortified by the experience of centuries. The British will act along with us to the extent of placing an embargo on weapons, but further than that it is economically, politically (in terms of internal partisan politics) and juridically impossible for them to go.

Any American with a smattering of knowledge in the field of foreign affairs must have felt shame at the contrast between Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Secretary Rusk on TV, and in their respective pronouncements on the subject of trade with Cuba. Even before he came to Washington Sir Alec announced, after conferring with Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson: "We do not believe in economic sanctions and curtailing trade."

After his talks with President Johnson, the British Prime Minister was even more succinct and lucid. The British will not boycott anyone, he said, merely because of a difference in political creeds. Mr. Rusk's rejoinder was a mouthful of vague threats of reprisal until he switched to a line even more replete with danger and futility. He only meant, he said, to warn foreign traders of possible "consumer reaction" in the United States—a barely disguised invitation to private boycotters. He forgot, apparently, that the State Department has been trying to discourage right-wing zealots from making foreign policy by invading department stores in crusades against Polish hams and Yugoslav wood products. Last week the State Department found it advisable to issue a statement deploring the boycott idea.

No country except the United States, the most powerful in the world, seems to be afraid of Cuba. Of course, by his aid — necessarily limited — to Latin American revolutionaries, Castro is more of a nuisance to us than to Britain, West Germany, Spain, France and the other countries angling for trade with Cuba, but that is the more reason for coming to an understanding with him and with them. Castro has certainly made it plain that he will call off his dogs if we will call off ours. Presumably we have long since abandoned the idea of an invasion even of the indirectly supported variety. We cannot overthrow him economically because our allies refuse to cooperate and, with the rise in the price of sugar, Castro is no longer poor. Why not, then, make a start toward achieving a *détente*?

Dignity and Justice

A state trial, such as the one that is now under way in Dallas, places great strains on the traditions of justice and on the sense of decorum and self-restraint of everyone involved. The Ruby trial, like every criminal trial in this country, is open to press and public — it is one of the basic safeguards of democracy that this should be so. But when a case involves celebrities or is spiced with sensation, the line between public interest and popular entertainment is not easily drawn; and when, as in this case, the defendant is on trial for killing the alleged killer of the President, an atmosphere of circus license can be avoided only by foresight and discipline.

Neither virtue is being employed today in Dallas. Judge Joseph Brown is himself employing a press agent, and so many correspondents are accredited to the trial that they must be run through the courtroom in shifts. The atmosphere thus engendered is distasteful; more important, it seriously interferes with the dispassionate mood in which alone a fair trial can be guaranteed.

Ruby is on trial because the guardians of Oswald were distracted from their duties by the importunities of a press that threw off all restraint in its competition for coverage of one of the most shattering events of our time. It is now said that Ruby cannot be fairly tried in Dallas, or anywhere in the United States, because twelve jurors cannot be found who have no prior views as to his guilt. This situation almost always obtains when the crime is of wide interest, but it does not necessarily follow that a group of jurors cannot be found who will understand their responsibilities sufficiently to put aside what they may previously have thought and deal with the material presented to them.

That they can do so, however, in a courtroom electric with a spirit of sensationalism is another matter. If it is constantly borne in upon them that a fascinated world hangs upon their decision, they will almost certainly become intoxicated by their role and forget their function. That the Dallas jurors may be in such a state is suggested by the fact that members of the panel were visibly vying with one another for the privilege of being chosen. The quality of a decision

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made under those conditions is indeed problematical.

Preparation for Oswald's notoriety was impossible, and the ensuing horror was therefore perhaps inevitable. No such excuse can be offered for the trial of Ruby — the problem was obvious and the solution should have been definite. No one would tolerate the notion that he should be tried in camera; the press must be present and the public must be informed. But it is routine procedure to insure the orderly coverage of important events (for example, a rocket launch at Cape Kennedy) by requiring press and television to pool their forces and share the dispatches. Judge Brown owed it to the dignity of his court and the basic rights of Jack Ruby to insist upon some such arrangement. Sufficiently urged by his colleagues and the concerned citizens of Dallas, he might still do it.

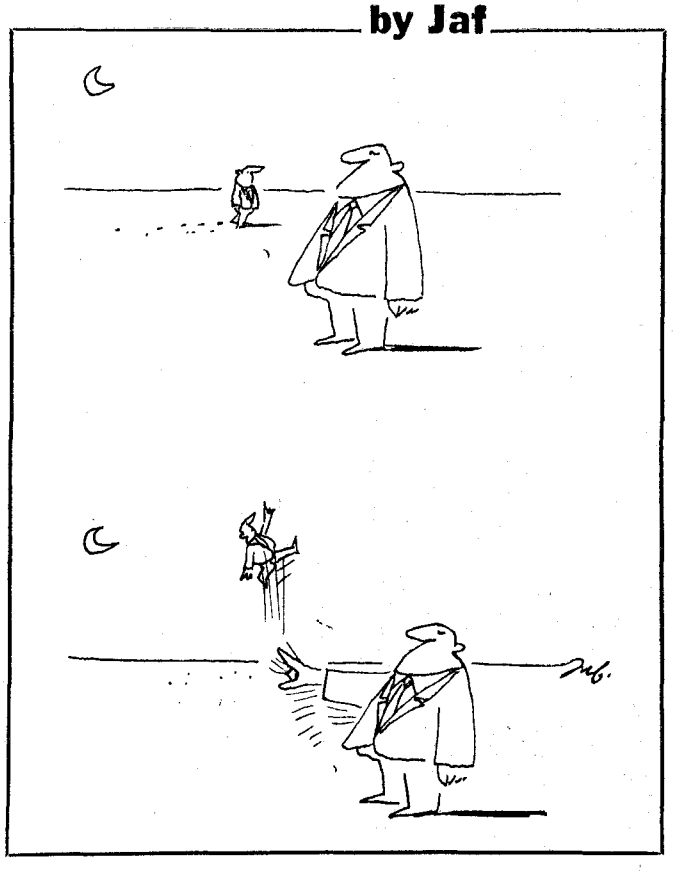
Ship of State

The Supreme Court's decision in the Georgia Congressional districting case is historic — we now have the ideal standard of "one man, one vote" for setting the boundaries of Congressional districts — but it is hardly revolutionary. In the course of time the overrepresentation of rural districts will be reduced in Congressional, and presumably in state, legislative districts, and urban and suburban areas will gain representation. But the reaction in Congress is a measure of the nonrevolutionary impact of the decision. There were few protests; in fact many members "privately" conceded that, in light of the failure of Congress and the state legislatures to act, the decision was to have been expected.

The Republicans are pleased because they stand to gain, as they see it, by the enlargement of suburban representation. The Democrats are satisfied if not elated because the cities will register some gains, particularly as outlying "fringe" or marginal areas are incorporated into urban districts. Furthermore, the Democratic vote is rising in some of the "new suburbs." Republican Representatives William E. Miller (N.Y.) and Leslie Arends (Ill.), and Democrats Carl Albert (Okla.) and Emanuel Celler (N.Y.) all expressed satisfaction with the decision. Even arch-conservative Bruce Alger (R. Tex.) was pleased. Representatives with high seniority assume that they will have enough influence with state legislative committees to safeguard their interests and are not losing sleep over the decision.

Low-seniority Representatives and those from largely rural areas have the most cause for concern, but as Justice Black pointed out in the majority decision, "the old ship of state" is not likely to crack asunder because of this latest "historic" or "landmark" decision. It is neither radical nor revolutionary, although it does break another deadlock created by the persistent failure of legislative bodies to act in other than their own interests in the matter of representation and apportionment. Once again, the Supreme Court has edged us — this time without kicking or screaming — toward the future.

by Jaf



Then How About Koch?

Revilo P. Oliver, a professor in the Classics Department of the University of Illinois and a member of the John Birch Society, recently got into the papers with a sensational article he had written for the society's publication, *American Opinion*. Oliver asserted that Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested as a suspect in the shooting of former Major General Edwin A. Walker, but released "through the personal intervention of Robert F. Kennedy." Of John F. Kennedy, Oliver wrote that he had been a Communist "working in close collaboration with Khrushchev," and "if the international vermin succeed in completing their occupation of our country, Americans will remember Kennedy while they live, and will curse him as they face the firing squads or toil in a brutish degradation that leaves no hope for anything but a speedy death."

Gary Porter, writing in the *Daily Illini*, calls attention to the parallel between Oliver's case and that of Professor Leo Koch, who wrote a letter to that paper condoning pre-marital sexual relations. Unless the University of Illinois differs from all other American institutions of learning, a certain amount of extra-marital intercourse takes place among the students, and even among the faculty. The subject is much discussed, and Koch trespassed only in that he did not condemn these goings on, but thought something might be said for the transgressing students. He was promptly fired.

The university says it has no intention of disciplining Professor Oliver. The university is to be commended. Oliver, like any other citizen, has the right

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to air his opinions, even when they are as offensive as they are in this instance. Free speech is not the privilege of the wise and judicious alone, but of everyone who has the good fortune to live in a democracy. Offensive views are precisely the ones that must be tolerated; if there is any merit to democracy, every variety of opinion will find its own level in good time.

But where does this leave the University of Illinois? Koch's views, while offensive to some, were far less inflammatory than Oliver's, and it is hard to see why one man should be dismissed and the other retained. In dismissing Professor Koch, the university trustees asserted that he failed to make it clear that the letter presented only his individual views and that he was not writing as a spokesman for the university. But Oliver displayed his faculty position prominently in his *American Opinion* article, and it is the university, not Oliver, that has issued the required disclaimer.

If, then, the university is right now (as *The Nation* feels it is), then it was wrong in the Koch case. In the interest of its own reputation for consistency and equity, it should offer to reinstate Professor Koch.

The Signal Corps Escutcheon

That there is widespread corruption in weapons procurement is known in the industry and the trade press, but when anyone on the inside is asked about it, a great ox, as Aeschylus says, steps on his tongue. Once in a while, nevertheless, a trickle of truth comes out. And not infrequently, ensuing events point a moral: If you know what's healthy for you, keep your mouth shut.

In the issue of July 28, 1962, *The Nation* editorialized on the case of Robert Snoyer, the head of Consad, a small West Coast electronics firm, who went to the *Chicago Daily News* and the FBI with a story of corruption at the huge Signal Corps research and procurement center at Fort Monmouth. Three Signal Corps officials had demanded a kickback of $48,000 on a $2,400,000 contract for army field telephone switchboards. Subsequently, the amount was reduced to $20,000, but still the deal hung fire; finally, the three were willing to settle for $1,500 for work they had done and to "grease the way" for future contracts. Acting under FBI instructions, Snoyer turned over the money in marked bills, the three were seized, and subsequently convicted.

Charles Nicodemus, the author of the original account in the Chicago paper, now comes up with the sequel. Nicodemus was commended by Attorney General Robert Kennedy for "providing considerable assistance to us in our investigation." There were shakeups at Fort Monmouth, but Snoyer's firm is virtually bankrupt.

The story is complicated, but it can be summed up in the words of one of Snoyer's friends: "People can't understand why you'd go to the FBI on that bribe thing," the friend said. "That just isn't done. They figure a prudent businessman would simply have forgotten the whole thing to protect his company. They figure there must be something wrong with a man like that."

Nothing wrong with the system, nothing wrong with siphoning off a few thousands from the billions the government is pouring into the war machine; the only thing wrong is with the fellow who snitched. But the sharpest irony is in the comment of some military men who were not directly involved and who may be personally beyond reproach. Snoyer, they said, "had put a blot on the Signal Corps escutcheon."

The PRESIDENT and the PRESS . . Ted Lewis

Washington, D.C.

The present controversy arising from President Johnson's handling of his press relations was inevitable; the surprise is that it took so long to boil up. Johnson's personalized method of wooing and criticizing was established long before he moved to the White House; it was the natural way for a politician of his extrovert personality. The clash was bound to come when he attempted to use the same tactics to manipulate the White House press corps to his advantage.

Evidence of this clash is now abundant in hot criticism from those upset because the President has certain favorites in the press, because he has resisted the Kennedy type of news conference, because he has tried to "use" the press by flattering some writers and criticizing others.

An innate, if friendly, antagonism exists between a career politician and a Washington correspondent. This does not prevent mutual respect, at arm's length, but an honest relationship is impossible on a "kissing cousin" basis. The proper relationship is not hard to achieve, although it is now probably too late for the President and the White House press to gain it. It simply requires that each recognize that their jobs have little in common. The President handles the affairs of state and politics as he thinks best; the press tries to find out what is going on, and why it is going on, in the White House and within the Administration.

This is a no-poaching agreement and it is essential to the proper functioning of press relations. For the lack of it, there is now to be seen an almost ludicrous intrusion of each side into the affairs of the other. Johnson phones *The New York Times* to complain that at least three news stories out of Washington are inaccurate, especially one piece which interpreted how the President is thinking. He phones the Baltimore *Sun* to praise the accuracy of a story. He has an aide inform a Washington newspaper that a story predicting he will side-

Ted Lewis is the head of the Washington bureau of the New York Daily News.

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step TV debates in the upcoming campaign should be killed. These interventions are the more unfortunate because, in most cases, the question of accuracy is tenuous. As at an automobile accident, the witnesses disagree on how it happened, but each is convinced that his version alone is correct.

Because the President is considered to be poaching, equally thin-skinned members of the press retaliate. Johnson is criticized for firing Yoichi Okamoto, his personal photographer, because Okamoto let it out that he had taken 11,000 shots of the President in two months. He is accused of avoiding nationally televised press conferences because he doesn't want to be on the receiving end of tough questions. He is charged, in the words of Peter Lisagor, Washington bureau chief of the *Chicago Daily News*, with trying "to make cheerleaders out of us all."

Of course, Johnson is trying to "use" the press — every President does (although it must be admitted that some have masked their wiles more delicately). If a President did not consider it worth while to urge his views on the press, he would not have correspondents in the White House in the first place. There is no law that requires him to hold a press conference, or to meet newspaper men individually or collectively.

Nor is there anything novel in the idea that Johnson is trying to "make cheerleaders" of the press. FDR was a master of that particular exercise. Newspaper men are forever being pursued, and it has always been up to them to resist capture. Seduction occurs in the White House when the press corps decides that the President as a person is either a hero or a bum, or when it undertakes to tell him how to behave.

If the President messes up his press relations, it is his image that suffers, and he will take the consequences in the next election. Why should he be offered free advice by men employed to observe him? He can hire all the advisers he wants.

Yet such pundits as columnist Charles Bartlett now lecture the President on the danger of "special favors." Or make sly digs about how he spends too much time trying to create a personal impression and too little time on matters of national substance.

White House press secretary Pierre Salinger has given the formal answer to the critics of Johnson's press relations. He dismisses them as mostly soreheads who want special treatment for themselves while at the same time they charge that the President is "coddling" the press. As for Johnson's "quicky" press conferences, those spur-of-the-moment affairs, Salinger had this to say: "A Presidential press conference is just that — the President's press conference. He's entitled to have them to suit his own schedule. A lot of reporters just want to show up at their own convenience after taking a four-hour lunch."

Salinger also pointed out that four out of five newsmen who have had private interviews with President Johnson obtained them on request. "He didn't go out and round them up. They asked to see him."

There are even whining complaints because the President has had various small groups of editors, publishers, television and radio executives in for lunch. Should he have limited his luncheon guests to the captains of industry or labor? Is the President to submit his hospitality to public debate? Yet Clark R. Mollenhoff, of the Washington Bureau of the Cowles Publications, sees a grave danger: "Some social contact with high public figures is inevitable, but reporters and editors have an obligation to ask themselves if they have sacrificed independence for a White House dinner or a scuba diving party."

Mollenhoff, accepting the William Allen White memorial award, expressed further alarm "that the Johnson Administration may curtail the Presidential press conference":

> *There are indications — that he will depend mainly on those cozy little spur-of-the-moment meetings with the regular White House reporters. These gatherings present a minimum danger of the tough question that often needs to be asked. Johnson has indicated he might supplement this with some informal television chats with a few reporters, whom I will wager he will hand pick.*
>
> *If that is to be the new press conference format then I'm against it. I would hardly accept the logic of one editorial writer who suggested that if Johnson feels the open press conferences of the past do not "fit his personality" then he should be allowed to change.*

Harry Morse

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Well, why shouldn't the President be allowed to change the press conference format if it doesn't "fit his personality"? There have been significant shades of differences in the way our recent Presidents met the press. Under Roosevelt direct quotation was limited. Eisenhower made a distinct effort to recognize members of the press who were unlikely to spring the loaded question.

Kennedy was a master of repartee and willing to take on all comers, even welcoming what Mollenhoff calls the "tough question." But what is a President supposed to do when he has the sense to realize that his television and press conference techniques are limited? Presumably he will, like Johnson, move cautiously.

And why, for that matter, should Johnson be laughed at for having a thin Texas skin and picking up the telephone to complain? Kennedy was so exercised about a *Herald Tribune* description of the lavish lawn party given for the Pakistan chief of state that he banned the newspaper from the White House.

For a multitude of trivial reasons, those within the press who survived the Kennedy era without losing their objectivity are now becoming hostile to Johnson. Richard Harwood of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has reported that "several long-time correspondents at the White House" gave the following as one reason why his "honeymoon with the press" has ended: "Although Johnson has made even more of an effort than Kennedy to cultivate and woo the press, most White House reporters don't care for him as a person. They liked Kennedy and enjoyed his company. Johnson hasn't won their affection."

What sort of journalism is that? It suggests that unless the President wins the "affection" of the White House press he is not going to get fair treatment. Whatever has happened to objective reporters?

At the same time, it must be admitted that it takes some doing to be neutral when the President is Johnson. He makes it difficult for newsmen to determine the soundness of their own judgments. For instance, after the *Herald Tribune* and a scattering of columnists suggested recently that the President was slighting his homework on foreign policy, the White House "planted" among a few favored newsmen statistical data to show how deeply immersed the President has been in problems abroad. According to the Baltimore *Sun*, the President as of February 6 had participated in 175 White House conferences and had made 188 telephone calls on foreign affairs. He had also met twice with the National Security Council. The details were voluminous, even including the information that Secretary of State Dean Rusk "had been at the White House fifty-one times for sessions on national security affairs."

This information is interesting, but does it warrant the *Sun's* conclusion that "the record shows that . . . Mr. Johnson has devoted more time to foreign affairs than to any other matter"?

Regardless of where the blame lies, the press honeymoon is over and bitterness afflicts both sides. It gives the lie to that dilettante observer, Lucius Beebe, who in a recent column in the *San Francisco Chronicle* lashed the Washington press corps in his best kid-glove style. Johnson, Beebe opined, was "the recipient of a Washington press almost as favorable, profuse and emotionally charged as that of his predecessor. . . . The truth is that Washington correspondents are enthusiastic supporters of whatever administration is in office at the moment, and especially so if the incumbent is a Democrat."

President Johnson could tell Beebe that that definitely isn't so.

Africa

THE MUTINOUS ARMIES . . . . . David Hapgood

When Tanganyika's soldiers mutinied in late January, President Julius K. Nyerere was helpless until, at his reluctant request, British troops returned to disarm the nation's own army. Nothing could more dramatically illustrate the weakness of African governments. A series of army interventions—seven in the last thirteen months—have shaken the continent's rulers, and as in Asia and Latin America, the military are showing their power over the civilians.

Some of the African victims of the military, like President Fulbert Youlou of the Brazzaville Congo, deposed last August, are clownish figures whose overthrow was not surprising. But Nyerere was probably the most respected of African Presidents. Though there had been grumbling over some of his measures, Tanganyika seemed, after two years of independence, to be off to a better start than most African nations. Elected almost unanimously, Nyerere had no organized opposition and was apparently supported by the great majority of Tanganyikans. He is, also, an extraordinarily appealing figure among politicians, a man whose dedication is tempered with enough humor to prevent fanaticism. But popular as he is, the people stood by while a handful of soldiers made a mockery of his authority. It is a measure of Nyerere's desperation that he, like the leaders of Kenya and Uganda, was forced to call on the British for troops—the most humiliating request that an ex-colony could make.

The plight of Julius Nyerere proves how misleading the surface appearance of African politics can be. Much is said about the trend to one-party states and dictatorship in Africa; Nyerere himself was criticized recently for bringing labor unions under state control and making his Tanganyika African National Union the only political

David Hapgood, a newspaper man, has recently spent two years in Africa on a grant from the Institute of Current World Affairs.

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party. But the fact that a ruler jails his few opponents, makes and unmakes foreign policy at will, and is cheered by the crowds when he passes in his limousine does not make him a "dictator" in the Western sense. On the contrary, as the army revolts have shown, weakness not strength is the characteristic of African states. Behind the authoritarian façade there is a pathetic lack of authority.

Popular indifference has greeted the seven recent displays of military power. The series began in Senegal, in ex-French West Africa, in December, 1962, when a paratroop unit intervened in the struggle for power between President Leopold Senghor and Prime Minister Mamadou Dia. The paratroopers voted their guns for Senghor. Two weeks later, with his rival Dia in jail, Senghor commented: "After God, it is first to the armed forces that I must address the thanks of the nation." The next steps were unsurprising: Senghor proclaimed austerity, because of a huge budget deficit — and the military appropriation went up.

Other Presidents have had less cause to thank the army:

In January, 1963, unemployed veterans assassinated President Sylvanus Olympio of Togo.

In August, the army ousted President Youlou of the ex-French Congo.

In November, the army ousted President Hubert Maga of Dahomey.

In January, 1964, army units mutinied in Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya.

In February, Léon Mba of Gabon was deposed from the Presidency by his own troops and restored by French force of arms.

In the ex-Belgian Congo, the army has of course been in politics since independence.

The example is contagious. Shortly after Olympio's assassination, the government of Liberia announced the discovery of an army plot against President William V. S. Tubman. A Liberian officer is reported to have said to his fellow officers: "If 250 Togolese soldiers can take power, think what we can do with our 5,000 troops!"

Once the pattern has been established, the soldiers can hardly fail to see that the government offers them a tempting target. The state inherited by African civilians from the colonial powers was based on military conquest. When the Europeans withdrew, they took with them the bayonets and gunboats on which their administrations rested. Their African successors can create armies but cannot control them. The palace is there for the taking.

When they move against the civilians, the soldiers do not seem driven by any particular ideology. They show no signs of being social revolutionaries along Middle East lines; no Ataturk or Nasser has appeared in Black Africa. Nor, at the other extreme, are they cynical exploiters of public power for private profit on the Latin model; Africa has produced no Trujillo or Batista. The governments the African military ousted or rebelled against have been among the continent's best (Nyerere and Olympio) and worst (Youlou).

In East Africa and in Togo, the soldiers were simply using their guns to get some butter. The Togolese President, Olympio, was an austere and stiff-necked realist who refused to waste money on the army, which he limited to 250 men. When the veterans pleaded with him one afternoon, Olympio contemptuously called them "mercenaries" (which they were; they had fought for the French in colonial wars) and dismissed them. That night about two dozen veterans surrounded Olympio's house and at dawn they killed him. Apparently Nyerere and the other East African leaders learned a lesson from Olympio's death; instead of confronting their mutinous soldiers, they temporized until they could call in the British. Once the troops had arrived, the essential pattern of colonial rule was restored: a civilian administration resting on foreign military force.

Though it is idle to seek political ideology in soldiers holding up governments for money, there were overtones of social revolution in the troubles that led to military intervention in Brazzaville and in Dahomey. In both countries the army take-over was preceded by riots in which labor unions demonstrated against the unemployment and inflation that curse most African capitals. In Dahomey, the rioters shouted *"du pain, du travail"* and—a sad commentary on the disappointing fruits of independence —*"vive la France!"*

Brazzaville is a city where many have suffered, and few have benefited, from independence. Corruption and waste were spectacular, and lavish French aid—President Youlou was a faithful client of General de Gaulle—went down the drain. Government funds were wasted on absurd projects like a television station, which began broadcasts last June, although there were only fifty receiving sets in the country, and a $625,000 hotel, known to local wags as the Youlou Hilton, whose owner was the President's mother. Wild spending, no productive investment, no new jobs —the result was an inflationary squeeze on those who could afford it least. By last May, the Congolese were complaining that meat was at $1.50 a pound and that the price of plantains, the basic diet of the poor, was "out of sight." The pool of the unemployed kept growing as Congolese men drifted to the city from the bush. It was these victims of Youlou's economics who brought about his downfall. The day before the coup, a mob stormed the Brazzaville jail to free labor leaders imprisoned by the President.

Most African governments are better than Youlou's, but the miserable conditions of Brazzaville are found in varying degree in all African capitals. Whatever their will, African states do not have the means or the power to deal with the social cancers of their cities; nor are the soldiers capable of more than holding down the lid. So, when the unemployed attacked the Brazzaville jail, it was natural to ask: "Is this the storming of the Bastille for Black Africa, the beginning of a wave of social revolution?"

Other African Presidents are bound to ask themselves the same question. The future cannot look secure to—for example—Félix Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast as he gazes down from his glamorous residence on the teeming slums of Abidjan. Foreign money, mostly French, has been poured into Abidjan, creating an illusion of prosperity; but the main result seen by the average person is a 16 per cent rise in the cost of living, while wages remain frozen. Houphouet is one of the strong men of Africa, but his rule is no longer as sure as

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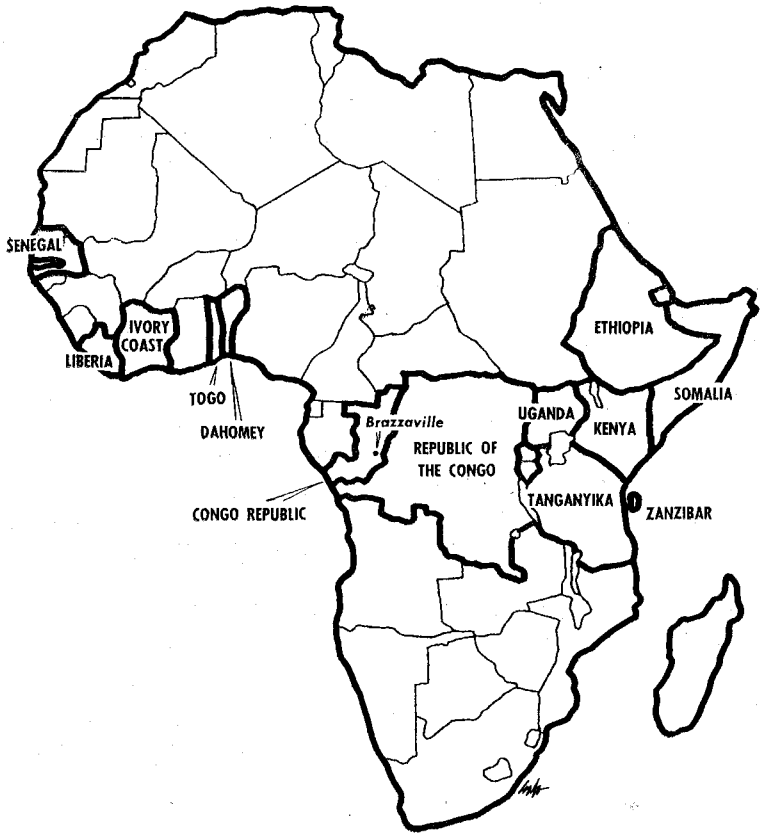

it was. A year ago he uncovered a major plot in his government, and when, in August, he returned to Abidjan after a four-month trip abroad, the usual procession was canceled and Houphouet hurried ashore under heavy guard. A militia of men from Houphouet's up-country district was formed to patrol the restless streets of Abidjan.

Similarly, Nyerere now plans to recruit Tanganyika's new army from the youth of his single political party. But in the present state of African politics neither method is a guarantee against the military. The surest protection for a civilian state is foreign—i.e., ex-colonial—troops, whose commanders have no stake in local rivalries.

Great Britain and France are, therefore, presented with a touchy question in dealing with their ex-colonies: in what circumstances, if any, should they supply troops? The British, though more eager than the French to get out of Africa, did send troops in response to the requests of the East African governments—perhaps because the African mutineers made no attempt to set themselves up as the government. (By contrast, the British did not intervene in Zanzibar, where an authentic revolution, of Africans against Arabs, took place.)

Compared to Britain, France maintains a strong military-political presence in her ex-colonies. Some 20,000 French troops are still stationed in Black Africa, and France supplies officers and money for nascent African armies. Under the French agreements with most ex-colonies, the African government can request French troops to "maintain order." But, as opponents of the incumbent regimes ask, does maintaining "order" include defending the Bastille?

On February 19, de Gaulle sent troops stationed in Senegal to the aid of Léon Mba, President of Gabon, who two days earlier had been deposed in what was described as a palace revolution by a few junior officers lacking popular support. Except on this occasion, France has not intervened. Apparently the French were not asked to help out in Senegal and Dahomey, and in Togo the soldiers installed a one-time French puppet, Nicholas Grunitzky, in place of the more independent-minded Olympio, so that France in effect gained a new client state (whether or not they wanted it). In Brazzaville, the French walked a fine line: they flew in 1,000 commandos to put down the original riots, but despite a last-minute telephone call from Youlou they did not oppose the military take-over. In the aftermath of these events, even French officials began to grumble discreetly about their ambiguous position in Africa. The French troops in Brazzaville were commanded by a general who said: "We are backing the government"—but the Congolese troops who ousted that government were also commanded by a French officer.

France's restraint would be sorely tested, however, if the next telephone call were to come from Houphouet-Boigny in the Ivory Coast. Houphouet is more than a client like Youlou; he is a valuable ally. Abidjan is the hub of French political and economic power in Black Africa, and for years Houphouet has been the main executor of French policy. After the August crisis in the Ivory Coast, members of Houphouet's entourage were saying privately, and with no known proof, that the President already has a promise of French military aid in case of need. De Gaulle would then face the familiar dilemma of a great power dealing with a client: a Houphouet kept in office by French bayonets would be a liability, yet his downfall would undermine the French position in Africa.

For the United States and the Soviet Union (and the Chinese, if they are willing and able to pay the dues), the rising power of the soldiers suggests a new arena of competition in military aid. A typical cold-war auction took place in Somalia in November. The Russians outbid the United States for the privilege of supplying arms to Somalia, a desperately poor East African nation that seems determined to press territorial claims against its relatively strong neighbors, Ethiopia and Kenya. The United States offered to arm 5,000 men, while the Russians' much higher bid was to equip a 20,000-man army. For Somalia's meager economy, even a 5,000-man army is excessive; 20,000 is grotesque. Someone, then, will be called upon to provide "defense support" to keep Somalia and its army afloat.

More such bush-league arms races are likely, since the African officers, like their counterparts everywhere, have a vested interest

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in bigger armies and more hardware. When the soldiers took over in Togo, the army was tripled. This meant only 500 more men, and the cost would hardly register on Pentagon computers, but even a comic-opera army places a crushing burden on the slender resources of African nations. Even before the military risings of the past year, African governments were spending far too much on unneeded armies: Ghana claims the "best army in Africa"; Nigeria wants a navy and has given defense "major priority" in its economic development plan. (To their credit, several states have tried to put their soldiers to useful work. Guinea has tanks whose value is limited to parades, but Defense Minister Fodeba Keita claims that the army grows "the best bananas in Guinea.") As the soldiers establish themselves as the arbiters of African politics, nervous civilians are impelled to raise the military budget, diverting the resources needed for development. The military may be no worse than the civilians they overthrow, but they are likely to be more expensive, and the net effect of their rise to power can only be to mire Africa still deeper in its poverty.

The "specter of Latin America" haunts many thoughtful Africans, including some of the soldiers. During the crisis in Senegal, officers were heard to say: "Probably we should take over and run things, but we don't want to become like Latin America." Since the East African mutinies, the civilian rulers of Africa are even more aware of the problem of the soldiers, but as yet there is no evidence that they have found a way to prevent military domination of politics from becoming as common in Africa as it is in the rest of the underdeveloped world.

Alcoholics Anonymous

DANGERS OF SUCCESS . . . . . Jerome Ellison

Back in 1940, the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made headlines ("John D. Dines Tosspots") by asking 400 of his wealthy friends to dine at New York's Union League Club and hear about a society of impoverished drunks called Alcoholics Anonymous. At that time the fellowship had been struggling along for a little more than four years and had about a hundred members.

John D. got sick at the last minute and his son Nelson presided. About seventy-five people showed up. The former drunks gave impressive testimony of their suffering, repentance, restitution and recovery. The assembled millionaires were impressed, and the ex-boozers figured their society's financial troubles were over. But, winding up the evening, the host expressed his father's belief that money would not be a good thing for a movement based on selfless service—"it needs only our good will." The millionaires went home without being asked to contribute.

Now, twenty-four years older and with a membership of 300,000, A.A. is rich in its own right. Despite bylaws prohibiting gifts larger than $100, money pours in to national headquarters at the rate of more than $400,000 a year, and A.A. doesn't seem to know what to do with it all. Once a year it spends $20,000 or so to bring 100 delegates in from the fifty states for a week-long, all-expenses-paid conference at a New York hotel. It has leased a floor in a midtown New York office building, where a dozen recovered housewives and spinsters answer letters, distribute pamphlets containing material on alcoholism purchased from free-lance writers, circulate a monthly bulletin of members' stories, articles, jokes and cartoons called *The Grapevine*, print and mail press releases, and go to meetings.

These workers receive annual salaries of $7,000 to $9,000, and are backed by a staff of stenographers and clerical employees — nonmembers. Herb M., a member with experience as a press agent and convention manager, is paid $18,000 a year for part-time services (three and a third days a week). The rest of the money goes into sinking funds, which have no specified purpose, but are nice to have, since they produce, in the form of interest, more money for sinking funds. Bill W., the movement's surviving co-founder, makes around $25,000 a year—a sum a grateful membership does not begrudge—on royalties from his three books: *Alcoholics Anonymous*, which started it all, *Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions* and *A.A. Comes of Age*.

For a movement that was born and grew to greatness in the face of ridicule, adversity and bitter poverty, this is indeed wealth. Even if Nelson Rockefeller's canny father had never suggested it, the question would now arise whether the success will prove ruinous.

The prodigies of selfless service performed by members have had a stunning impact on a basically me-first society. Press, clergy and the professions have fallen over one another to heap praise on the drunks who found a way out, and for a long time it has been almost bad manners to speak of A.A. in any but reverent terms.

Now, however, it is a public institution and subject to the same scrutiny accorded other community volunteer services. There are A.A. groups in every crossroads and neighborhood — 10,000 of them. They have become almost as much a part of the community scene as the visiting nurse and the fire department, which they somewhat resemble. In a population containing 80 million users of alcohol and 6 million cases of active alcoholism, they perform as necessary a life-saving function as the Coast Guard. Alcoholism has pressed its way to public attention as the nation's third deadliest disease, and A.A. has developed the only method yet found that produces large numbers of enduring cures. It suddenly finds that it has public responsibilities, that others beside its members claim a

Jerome Ellison has published numerous articles on alcoholism, its social effects and attempts at therapy.

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legitimate interest in how it conducts its affairs.

Many find the fellowship of interest entirely apart from its practical work of sobering up drunks. Though itself nonintellectual and sometimes anti-intellectual, A.A. strikes both therapists and theorists as being an almost classical demonstration of the psycho-therapeutic theories of Carl Jung. Jung believed in God and in "spirit." He devised another vocabulary for transactions with agnostic professional colleagues, but freely used these traditional terms in his correspondence. A good part of his life work was directed toward reconciling the insights of religion with those of the new psychiatry. Jung approved Freud's work as far as it went, but felt that forces unsuspected by Freud could be summoned to the aid of distressed humanity. This belief is also at the base of A.A., commonly described by its members as "a spiritual program."

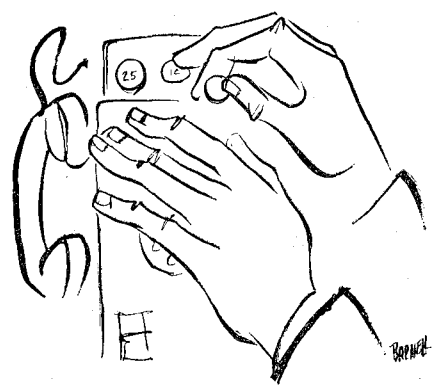
This resemblance is not entirely coincidental for, though he did not know it and though his contribution was inadvertent, Jung had a hand in founding A.A. Early in the 1930s, Jung took a patient named Roland H., a rich American and chronic alcoholic frantically seeking a cure. After an attempt at treatment, Jung told Roland H. that psychiatry couldn't help him. Then, asked the desperate patient, what could? Perhaps a religious conversion of some kind, Jung said. Such an experience could never be guaranteed, but one could seek the company of those who had had them, and hope. Roland H. went to England, joined the Oxford Movement, got sober and returned to New York. There he continued his association with the Oxford Movement, taking particular interest in other inebriates. One of these, Edwin T., carried the news to Bill W., a Wall Street broker, then prostrated by alcohol. After undergoing a shattering subjective experience of religious enlightenment, Bill W. got sober, and began looking for other alcoholics who were interested in drying out by the new method. He found one—again through the Oxford Movement—on a business trip to Akron. His new friend was a down-and-out alcoholic physician, Dr. Robert S. The two founded Alcoholics Anonymous and led the movement jointly until Robert S. died, sober, in 1950.

A.A. was not completely without precedent. More than a century ago, a remarkably similar organization, The Washington Temperance Society, sprang up in Washington, D.C., and soon had branches in most big cities. Lincoln, concerned about alcoholism through the sufferings of his law partner, Herndon, encouraged the members whenever he could, and even addressed them on one occasion. The Washingtonians had all the main features of A.A.—alcoholics helping one another, weekly meetings, shared experience, readily available group fellowship, reliance on "the Higher Power." Bill W. and Bob S. added a spiritual regimen designed to produce personal improvement, a rule of anonymity, the practice of exchanging speakers between groups, and a membership restricted to those who confessed a problem with alcohol. The Twelve Steps of surrender, confession, self-examination, restitution and service were taken with only slight change from the Oxford Movement. The anonymity and alcoholics-only rules were innovations.

A.A.'s great expansion began with publication of an article by Jack Alexander in the *Saturday Evening Post* of March 1, 1941. Ten years later membership was up to 150,000; in ten more years it doubled that. America was suffering the hangovers of a national binge begun with the repeal of Prohibition and not yet ended. By aggressive lobbying, the liquor industry cleared away the remaining restraints on the sale of booze. Saturation advertising disfigured the approaches to the major cities with five-story whiskey bottles and bombarded the populace with reminders to drink. Consumption rose until it reached the present figures of a billion quarts of spirits, 2 billion quarts of wine and 12 billion quarts of beer a year. The industry employs a million people and pays them $5 billion a year—more than we spend on the combined crude oil, natural gas, coal- and ore-mining industries, and nearly twice what we spend on education.

Trouble rose along with sales figures. Those who drink consume, on the average, a quart of whiskey, two quarts of wine and four gallons of beer a month. Some, of course, drink far less than this, others—especially the 6 million chronic alcoholics — much more. Excessive drinking costs the nation $35 million annually in medical care, $30 million in jail maintenance, $100 million in accidents, $500 million in wage losses, according to estimates based on a Public Affairs Committee pamphlet. About a million people a year are admitted to public mental hospitals to be treated for alcoholism. One in twelve drinkers becomes an alcoholic; 14,000 deaths and 40,000 injuries a year result from the mixture of alcohol and traffic, 21,000 people die annually of cirrhosis, 6 million families are shadowed by alcohol and 12 million children suffer from their parents' excessive drinking.

In the light of such figures, it is not surprising that A.A. seemed an answer to prayer in hundreds of thousands of families. A household devastated by booze is an isolated unit, plagued by debt, ridden by internal strife, with little hope, few friends, many enemies and a skeleton grown too big for the closet. A.A. replaces despair with hope. The



family has friends again, understanding friends, people who have been through the mill, ready at any time for a cup of coffee and a chat. The necessity of total abstinence, and the means for attaining it, are made clear. The transformations are so impressive, and so often enduring, that the word "miracle" is frequently and understandably employed. Even physicians and psychiatrists, conditioned by occupation to disregard the claims of laymen, sought to learn from A.A.'s store of clinical information on the management of a syndrome that had baffled their professions.

Alcoholics, even sober ones, are

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only human, and can tolerate only limited amounts of adulation without becoming dizzy. Effective speakers were in great demand to tell their "stories," not only at A.A. weekly meetings in distant places, but at convocations of professional groups, civic associations and service clubs. Big-city groups stage great annual banquets drawing up to a thousand people and costing up to $10 a plate. Resort hotels are taken over for state and regional conventions. All this has gone to the head of many a reformed booze-fighter, and a type of paragon known in the local groups as "Mister A.A." pushed himself into key positions in the committee structure.

As A.A. became more prominent this tendency was noted outside the organization, and drew comment. A group of letters addressed last year to the editor of *Harper's*, was pointed: "Now that the myth of the Golden-Hearted Prostitute has been laid to rest, let's tackle the Omniscient Ex-Lush." "The fanatics who prevail in some groups seem bent on making A.A. into a hostile, fundamentalist religion." "The movement needs to recover some of the good spirit it had before it became proud of its humility." These letters were occasioned by an article in which Arthur H. Cain pointed out tendencies toward cultism and narrow orthodoxy that limited the fellowship's therapeutic effectiveness.

My own experience with A.A. dates back more than ten years. While writing a series of articles on alcoholism for a national magazine, I attended hundreds of A.A. local meetings and a number of state and regional affairs, and developed a wide acquaintanceship in the movement. My articles aroused the interest of Bill W., and I was invited to evaluate, as a paid consultant, some of A.A.'s publications and activities.

This chore consumed a number of months in 1962 and 1963, and afforded an intimate view of the organization's national headquarters and policy-making boards. Since my recommendations were not confidential—"A.A. has no secrets but the names of its members" is a hallowed tenet—they can be disclosed. They contained little that had not been said before, some of it by Arthur Cain. Anyone else undertaking a similar survey of alcoholism therapy would, I think, have reached about the same conclusions.

At headquarters, I missed almost completely the bubbling good will, the creative open-mindedness, the open and stimulating swapping of ideas that made so many of the weekly neighborhood meetings memorable. Everybody was an expert, with a cluster of ideas closed to amendment. Bill W., the movement's traditional leader and a main source of its spiritual inspiration, had lost out in committee maneuvering to a policy of "putting the thing on a business basis." Committee politics took up half the working day; gossip was venomous. In quick succession I was told that the cofounder (in my opinion still sharp-witted at seventy) was senile, that a staff worker was a hypochondriac and a committeeman a homosexual. The accused were at pains to assure me, separately and without encouragement, that the accusers were a nymphomaniac, a schizophrenic and a megalomaniac. I observed nothing to substantiate any of these charges. However, there was no inclination toward the "fearless and searching moral inventory" recommended by A.A.'s Twelve Suggested Steps.

The non-alcoholic board of trustees responsible for national policy was ultraconservative (one member, Archibald Roosevelt, had furnished literature for distribution by the John Birch Society) and this, I reported, had served the movement poorly. The board's rigid conservatism was reflected in a number of unfortunate policies, the most odious of which was a tacit endorsement of racial segregation within the branches. When a member submitted an article for the monthly bulletin, pointing out that nearly all Southern A.A. groups and a great many Northern ones were racially segregated, and that A.A.'s Negro membership had failed to keep pace with the growing problem of Negro alcoholism, the article was turned down on the ground that it "might disrupt A.A. unity." Local A.A. groups are free from any national control other than moral suasion. That even this influence should be withheld on so fundamental a point seemed to me a serious error. It is, however, in keeping with the fact that there are no Negroes on the headquarters staff or on any of the numerous A.A. national boards and committees.

The policy on publications, I reported, is likely to cost A.A. its once acknowledged leadership in its field. When *Alcoholics Anonymous* was first published a quarter of a century ago, it won universal acknowledgment that A.A. was well in advance of the field. But though the medical and psychiatric professions have been remarkably slow in coming to terms with alcohol addiction, much progress has lately been made, and the A.A. "Big Book" is beginning to have an out-of-date, early-century, historical sound. The board, however, has ruled that no further word shall be spoken. Despite the fact that the rank and file teems with exciting, relevant, informed and up-to-the-minute experience, none of it is permitted to appear in book form. To publish such literature, it is felt, would be to risk heresy. As a result A.A.'s official books, unfertilized by fresh documentation and contemporary interpretation, tend to sound more archaic each year.

I concluded that A.A.'s national headquarters had been captured by an ultraconservative clique that was doing the society appreciable harm. This finding was, of course, received by that clique without thanks and, despite the efforts of a small free-speech party, was prevented from reaching the delegates of the rank and file for whom it was intended. A.A., at least in its national office, bears heavily the marks of its culture in its time—affluence and the shortsighted conservatism that affluence begets.

Fortunately for future generations, the influence of headquarters on local groups is not decisive. "Oh, *those* guys!" is a typical reaction from a local group secretary. "We send 'em their three bucks a year per member and forget about 'em." Many groups make no contribution to "the national." In the neighborhoods and at the crossroads will surely be preserved in living practice those ideals that give mankind new hope whenever they achieve a renaissance — candor, humility, friendliness, enlightened understanding, a good-natured readiness to pitch in at any hour, in any way, to help a baffled human being.

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Politics: The Rich Man's Game . . . Ian Sclanders

Is "government of the people, by the people, for the people," being amended to read "government of the people, by the rich, for the rich"? The reason for asking is that the cost of campaigning is still rocketing, and that candidates in this year's elections will spend far more than candidates have ever spent before. There is a real danger that politics is turning into a pursuit relatively few can afford, like polo or yachting. If this happens, the average American will be deprived of representatives of his own kind and income level, who best understand his problems and needs, and legislative bodies increasingly will be dominated by individuals who are either wealthy themselves or are financed by — and obligated to — well-heeled special groups.

As an example of the situation that is developing, there is the case of John L. Scott, forty-one, a lawyer of Springfield, Va., who felt he had something to offer to the public life of his state. In 1963, he ran as a Democrat for the Virginia House of Assembly. To win, he had to:

- Desert his law practice for three months.
- Employ a trained researcher to dig out data on the issues: roads, schools, the tax structure and conditions in mental hospitals.
- Purchase seven second-hand cars which, gaudily repainted and emblazoned with signs, became mobile billboards.
- Prepare and mail three pamphlets, at $4,200 for each mailing.
- Buy $5,000 worth of newspaper and radio advertising.

The bills added up to more than $24,000. Scott won the seat, and in his two-year term as a legislator he'll be paid a total of $1,080, so that apart from his loss of time and legal fees he will be out-of-pocket roughly $23,000 or $11,500 a year, which is more than most men earn.

The office Scott gained for this outlay is no great shakes in prestige — one of the lower rungs on the political ladder. And if campaign expenses are formidable at the bottom, they are terrifying at the top. At the very top, of course, is the Presidency: it is the conviction of experienced Washington politicians that, barring the unforseen, the American voters are unlikely to elect another President who is not at least a millionaire. The log cabin to White House tradition is now a quaint bit of folklore.

Nobody can hope to be picked as a Democratic or Republican Presidential candidate unless he is known throughout the land and liked by a reasonable proportion of the citizens. There are two ways to get known and liked.

One involves speaking tours, parades, mass meetings, TV and radio appearances, printed matter of all kinds, including books, whether self-authored or ghost-written, hordes of paid helpers from opinion pollsters, public relations advisers and speech writers to the kids who lick stamps and toss dodgers on porches, and the torturing process of running in primaries.

The alternative way, cheaper but much more rare, is to attain national fame in a field outside politics, in the manner of Eisenhower as Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces; or to attain the Vice Presidency, like Truman, Nixon and Johnson.

Unless he has the stature of an Eisenhower or the benefit of the Vice Presidential steppingstone, a contender for the White House can anticipate prenomination expenses of about $1 million. John F. Kennedy, by his own accounting, laid out $912,000 before the Democrats nominated him. Among the major items were $176,500 for his national headquarters, $475,000 for contesting primaries, $200,000 for plane travel for himself and staff and the fees of specialists, and $37,500 for the carefully meshed operations of the Kennedy team at the national convention in Los Angeles. The $912,000 did not cover the expenditures of Kennedy enthusiasts in their own communities.

The Kennedy figures explain why the men being mentioned as Republican opponents to Lyndon Johnson are all millionaires except Nixon. Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York is rated at $200 million; Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania at $9 million. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge has old Boston Brahmin money — quite a lot of it — and Senator Barry Goldwater inherited department stores. Governor George Romney of Michigan raked in a bundle as president of American Motors, and Harold Stassen has reputedly done well from his corporation law practice in Philadelphia and from wise investments.

The prenomination period is roughest on the finances of a Presidential aspirant. In the 1960 primaries, there was an element almost of tragedy as Hubert Humphrey bravely but hopelessly pitted his limited funds against Kennedy's bottomless resources. In the Wisconsin primary, Humphrey could afford to staff only two area offices to Kennedy's eight, and he was without professional pollsters or speech writers. After losing Wisconsin, he was $17,000 in debt and ruefully likened himself to an old-fashioned corner grocer trying to compete with a chain of supermarkets. Nevertheless, he moved on to West Virginia, where he scraped together a mere $25,000 for all purposes. Kennedy spent $34,000 on television alone.

This year's primaries will play the chief role in determining the Republican candidate, as 1960's did in determining the Democratic nominee. None of the contenders is likely to be caught in Humphrey's position. Barry Goldwater's supporters, for instance, claimed months ago that he had $2 million in pledges. Once a man is nominated for the Presidency, he can theoretically zipper his billfold. The party picks up the tab, or most of it, from then on, and usually goes heavily into hock to do so.

In 1960, national headquarters activities cost each party approximately $10 million. The Democrats wound up owing $3,800,000, which prompted the victorious Kennedy to ask, "What would we have done if we'd lost?" and the party treasurer, Matthew McCloskey, to comment that he'd have had to flee to Ire-

Ian Sclanders, a correspondent for Maclean's *(Canada), is permanently stationed in Washington.*

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land. The Republicans went $700,000 in the hole.

The combined headquarters expenditures of both parties was close to $20 million, as compared with $13 million in 1956, and less than $12 million in 1952. This year, the announced objective of the Democrats for headquarters is $10 million and that of the Republicans $12,100,000. Campaign tours of the Presidential candidates and their aides will use up sizable chunks of these amounts. In 1860, when the population was 31 million, Abraham Lincoln could run successfully for the White House without leaving Springfield, or making a single speech; in 1960, when the population was 180 million, Kennedy had to travel 44,000 miles and make 360 speeches in forty-three states. Nixon traveled 65,000 miles and made 212 speeches in fifty states.

The so-called headquarters expenditures of the parties are, of course, only a fraction of what will be spent altogether on electioneering between now and November 7, the day when Americans decide who will occupy the White House for the next four years, who will fill the 435 seats in the House of Representatives and thirty-five of the 100 seats in the Senate, plus uncounted state and municipal posts. The total spent in 1962, by the estimate of the President's Commission on Campaign Costs, was between $165 million and $175 million, and the forecasts are that this year's total will exceed $200 million. The estimated total for 1960 and the predicted total for 1964 may both be far short of reality, for the laws that require election expenditures to be reported are so full of loopholes as to be almost useless. A thorough *Congressional Quarterly* investigation indicated that 1962 outlays for Congressional elections, reported at $18,400,000, were nearer $100 million.

But it is at least certain that all, or nearly all, of the current crop of candidates will finish up poorer than when they set forth. It is equally certain that the big dough will be provided, as always, by the wealthy and by those special groups that lurk behind the scenes in politics, some of them labor unions, but more of them fronts for oil, power, mining and lumbering in-

Maclean's

Romney, Scranton, Rockefeller, Lodge, Goldwater — and an also-ran.

terests and for an endless variety of manufacturing, banking, construction, wholesaling, retailing and professional categories. Special groups exert influence in most countries, but the U.S. system of government is extremely vulnerable to them, for often one determined Congressman, or a tiny handful of Congressmen, can jam through legislation that unblushingly gives preference to one particular class or industry.

Congressmen, who don't discuss this in public, occasionally wonder in private what else they can do. They point out that a campaign for a two-year term in the House of Representatives may cost from $25,000 to $100,000, and that while Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine said recently that $12,000 was the most she had ever spent on a campaign, in a state like New York or California a campaign for a six-year term in the Senate (or for state governor) may cost up to $2 million, with more than $200,000 earmarked for TV time alone.

Who can afford it? None but the immensely rich or those who come perilously close to selling their souls — the line between a legitimate campaign contribution and a bribe is, at best, a blur.

The inflated cost of attaining elective offices poses two clear and related threats: (1) that the country will be run, not for the citizens, but for the special groups; and (2) that legislative bodies in which the rich or their spokesmen predominate will reject urgently needed social and economic measures *not* needed by the rich.

John Kennedy was aware of these dangers when he named the President's Commission on Campaign Costs in November, 1961. He stated: "It is not healthy for the democratic process — or for the ethical standards in our government — to keep our national candidates in [the present] condition of dependence." The commission, headed by Dr. Alexander Heard, author of *The Costs of Democracy* and a well-known political scientist, found that only 5 per cent of the American people give as much as $1 to a political party or candidate.

The commission recommended, two years ago, that "these contributors should be encouraged to give more . . .and others should be encouraged to join them, by providing tax benefits that recognize the propriety and importance of political giving." It proposed that, instead of giving concessions to large contributors, the incentives should be a maximum credit of $10 a year against taxes due, or a deduction of contributions up to a maximum of $1,000 a year from taxable income.

As I write, legislation to implement the commission's recommendations is stuck somewhere in Congress. Maybe it will be passed — and maybe not. The lobbyists don't like it. By strengthening government, it might undermine their power.

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Salon Saboteur

THE GOLDEN FRUITS. By Nathalie Sarraute. Translated by Maria Jolas. George Braziller. 177 pp. $4.

Vivian Mercier

The seed of *The Golden Fruits* (*Les Fruits d'Or*, Paris: Gallimard, 1963) will be found in the following paragraph of "What Birds See," an essay in *The Age of Suspicion* (Paris, 1956; New York, 1963), also by Nathalie Sarraute:

> *Every now and then it happens that a kind of vertigo, understandable among people who are obliged to read so much, takes hold of the most influential critics: they suddenly start shouting "Masterpiece!" and praising to the skies a book that is absolutely without literary value, as will be proved some time later by the indifference and then the oblivion into which its feebleness will inevitably let it slip.* [My translation.]

As a matter of fact, this is not the seed so much as the entire plot of the novel. Through a number of conversations and interior monologues we trace the rise and fall in the literary and social world of Paris of the reputation of a book entitled *The Golden Fruits*. The title is explained by its fictional author, Bréhier, as follows: "I want everybody who expects to bite into juicy apples, all the starving ones, to break their teeth on [the book]." This imagery seems related to the title of Mme. Sarraute's essay, where the birds referred to are those which supposedly pecked at the wonderfully "realistic" (if you equate realism with *trompe l'oeil*) grapes painted by the Greek artist Zeuxis. An odd little essay it is, in which the grapes sometimes resemble too closely the sour grapes of Aesop's fox. Mme. Sarraute is trying to explain the success of some meretricious novels — and, by implication, the limited public acclaim for her own work.

Just as the subject of *The Golden Fruits* is to be found in one essay from *The Age of Suspicion*, so its technique is outlined in two others: "The Age of Suspicion" itself and "Conversation and Sub-conversation." The first of these deals with the suspicion directed against old-style fictional characters — not just the hero but each major figure around him — by both novelists and readers today. Not all readers, unfortunately: there is a certain type that, "like Pavlov's dog, whom the ringing of a bell causes to secrete saliva, manufactures characters at the slightest hint."

Well, fellow dogs, I want you to know that there are some slight hints in *The Golden Fruits* and some first or last names are tossed around, but I defy you to manufacture any characters, that of Bréhier the novelist included. As far as I can discover after having busily underlined proper names, the participants in any given scene never appear again, so that there are not only no characters but no plot, in the traditional sense that implies the constant interaction of a group of characters over a definite period of time. If *The Golden Fruits* has a hero, it is the book of the same name, and the plot is, as I have said, its rise and fall, together with the transient effects that these have upon the intellectual prestige of its proponents and opponents.

By now you are probably saying, "Ho hum, that's one book I don't need to read," but you may be mistaken. For some years now I have been upholding the view that Mme. Sarraute, in spite of those photographs that make her look like a French tragic actress in well-earned retirement, and in spite of her extremely serious essays on the art of the novel, is in fact a comic novelist in the Jane Austen tradition. *The Golden Fruits* will not yield its true flavor unless one reads it as an upper-middle-class comedy of manners. A measure of Mme. Sarraute's skill is the fact that there are hardly more than a dozen sentences of obvious parody in the entire book, although contemporary French criticism seems to invite parody just as readily as its American and British counterparts. The ridiculous comments so frequent in her novel are seldom outrageous in their absurdity; one can hear intelligent people — oneself included — making similar remarks all the time; only when Mme. Sarraute puts them down on paper, however, do we see their true ridiculousness. Furthermore, in spite of "What Birds See," we have no absolute certainty that Bréhier's *Golden Fruits* is worthless. Mme. Sarraute is too skillful a novelist to rob her book of a whole dimension by clearing up this ambiguity.

All her previous novels thrive on similar ambiguities. In *The Planetarium* (Paris, 1959; New York, 1960), the other characters — for there are characters—revolve like planets about their sun, the great woman writer Germaine Lemaire. Everything they do is designed to make a good impression on her, but how can one be sure that she reacts favorably? Then again, if one has succeeded in winning her approval, perhaps this means that she is not such a remarkable person after all. The sun is not fixed but is itself in motion, just like the rest of the galaxy.

Similarly, in *Martereau* (Paris, 1953; New York, 1959), we do not know whether the title character is a cat's-paw of the narrator's unnamed uncle or, on the contrary, the uncle is the dupe of Martereau. Here one feels that Mme. Sarraute does not play fair with the reader: if the story went on a little longer, he would have to be told the outcome of the real estate deal which provides any plot there is. Nevertheless, we still would not be sure which is the stronger — Martereau, jack of all trades, who has never grown rich, or the henpecked uncle who has achieved wealth and power through "hammering on one nail."

Portrait of a Man Unknown (Paris, 1947; New York, 1958), Mme. Sarraute's first novel, is the only one which threatens a tragic ending. It deals with the love-hate relationship between an old man and his spinsterish daughter, but the situation is resolved in a banal way by the marriage of the daughter — of her own free will, she believes — to a dull but wealthy man. Perhaps her miserly father had this end in view when he opposed her marriage bitterly, hoping to reduce the size of her dowry by his pretended opposition? The middle-aged male narrator is unable to resolve this or any of the other ambiguities in the novel.

Earliest of all in the Sarraute canon come the brief sketches called *Tropisms* (Paris, 1939; London, 1964). "Tropism," my dictionary tells me, is a biological term meaning "the involuntary response of an organism to an external stimulus." The organisms

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in this case are human, and the stimuli are usually human too, though the person who reacts involuntarily may not be conscious of what he is reacting to, let alone why he is reacting. One of the sketches is particularly relevant to *The Golden Fruits*, as it presents an intellectual snob and status seeker:

> *There were thus a great number like her, insatiable and merciless parasites, leeches clinging to the critical articles which kept appearing, slugs stuck to everything and spreading their slime over favorite nooks in Rimbaud, sucking some Mallarmé . . . smearing their loathsome comprehension over* Ulysses *or* The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge. [My translation.]

Such writing hardly lives up to the scientific promise of the book's title, but it does possess a crude satirical power.

It was not until *Martereau*, I feel, that Mme. Sarraute really began to master the technique of portraying tropism or, as she later called it, "subconversation." For instance, the relationship between the narrator's aunt and uncle in that book is thus described:

> *. . . there exists between them a system of compensation: that of vessels connected by "U" tubes. When the level lowers in one, you'll see it rise right away in the other. As he becomes more and more depressed, she becomes at once cheerful and full of life, chats with us, shows off. He then becomes gloomier and gloomier. . . .*

This sort of thing is very amusing though not particularly profound; more subtle examples do occur but could be illustrated only by very lengthy quotation. The novel abounds in this mute "dialogue," where two, three or four characters react to one another inwardly, supplying a counterpoint to the spoken dialogue, which is often so trite as to be meaningless. Subtle or not, this technique is admirably suited to comedy and irony since it constantly reminds us of the gap between what is said and what is felt. Usually, the feelings grow more intense as the words grow more banal, but this never brings us within hailing distance of tragedy—perhaps because "birth and copulation and death" are no more prominent in Nathalie Sarraute's work than they are in the novels of Jane Austen.

One great technical improvement seen in *The Planetarium* and *The Golden Fruits* is the abandonment of the Proustian first-person narrator, from whose use Mme. Sarraute still expected so much when she wrote the essay "The Age of Suspicion" in 1950. It is worth remembering that her technique, though distinctively her own from her earliest book, is in constant process of modification. She has lately complained in *The New York Times Book Review* that most readers and critics of *The Golden Fruits* have ignored the sub-conversation. In this book the mute dialogue really takes place between the individual and his social group, the literary bandwagon crowd. Mme. Sarraute may come to feel, as I do, that her method works best where individual reacts to individual, however tenuous and ill-defined their characters may be; in that case, she is likely to return to the technique used to such advantage in *The Planetarium*.

Having read, in English or French, every published book by Nathalie Sarraute, I sometimes ask myself why I remain faithful to her. A satisfactory answer to this question would first take note of the swift colloquial rhythm which paces her dialogues and interior monologues in the original French. In Maria Jolas' highly competent translations, the most striking feature of Mme. Sarraute's style is the abundance of imagery, both natural and scientific ("U" tubes, for example), which makes vivid the states of mind of her characters. The very excessiveness of the imagery helps create the overriding comic mood of her books. Look at this passage from *The Golden Fruits*, for instance:

> *The enormous eddy sweeps him along, he rolls about, he's out of his depth. He struggles like an insect that a breath has blown away and which is clawing the air with its little panic-stricken legs, trying to catch hold of something. . . .*

What do you suppose has happened to this unfortunate man? Someone has just remarked to him, "Now tell me, what difference does that make to you, in reality, all that?" (The French, I must say, is much more authentically colloquial: *Mais dites-moi, qu'est-ce que ça peut bien vous faire, au fond, tout ça?*) If this isn't good humorous writing, then it must be appallingly bad "serious" writing. My entire reading of Nathalie Sarraute convinces me that she is a serious writer in the best sense, but one who from necessity or choice uses a comic or ironic mode.

Vivian Mercier, teacher and critic, is the author of The Irish Comic Tradition *(Oxford).*

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Aberrant germ cell"

"Lautrec's eccentric power started in the aberrant germ cell. His father, who married a first cousin, was a histrionic swashbuckler who liked to dress as a Canadian trapper, a Tartar chieftain, or a Scot clansman with a ballet skirt instead of a kilt. He loved to ride into the Bois de Boulogne every morning, dismounting among the astonished strollers where he would proceed to milk his mare, drink heartily, and ride away."

From a recent Newsweek Art column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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PUBLICATION EXPLOSION

Kermit Vanderbilt

A number of publishing concerns are currently issuing long series of pamphlets, monographs, handbooks, and casebooks on American authors, major and minor, past and present. The output already is prodigious, and no end appears to be in sight. An easily tapped school market covers minimum publishing costs. And an available labor force — young professors enjoined by superiors to publish or perish — is eager to serve in this publication explosion. Nothing appears to lessen the zeal with which the beleaguered scholar will accept the skimpiest contract for the flattering chance to rush headlong into print. Meanwhile, the clear and present danger is that ill-conceived books, not people, threaten to use up available space on the earth.

Most prolific is Twayne Publishers' projected series of more than two hundred critical volumes on American authors. Over forty have already poured from Twayne's presses. The announced audience for these books is the professor, the student and the general reader. One wonders by what magic any literary criticism can have so broad an appeal. Still, even the gloomiest nay-sayer could expect something of value to trickle down in this mammoth enterprise. To date, however, the Twayne Series as a whole can scarcely be recommended to anyone except, perhaps, the Ph.D. candidate who must acquaint himself rapidly with American writers before examination time. The specialist expects more originality and insight, the general public a more appealing presentation than these volumes have offered up to now. In fairness to individual authors, one does discover an occasional monograph authoritative and at the same time readable. Frederick Hoffman's *Faulkner* and Edwin Cady's *Stephen Crane* could hardly be better for the student and literate general reader. Harold Simonson's *Zona Gale* is a surprisingly fresh treatment of a minor figure. Frederick Carpenter's *Robinson Jeffers* is workmanlike and judicious.

Elsewhere the Twayne Series often

Kermit Vanderbilt teaches American literature at San Diego State College and is the author of Charles Eliot Norton: Apostle of Culture in a Democracy *(Harvard University Press).*

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falls considerably below critical and scholarly excellence. In casting about for reasons, one is led to suspect that the editor, Professor Sylvia Bowman, may not have envisioned the troubles to be encountered in so grandiose an undertaking. Reportedly, she recruits the critics, reads the manuscripts and passes judgment. If she has not been equal to this task, surely it is not to be wondered at.

Hindsight now can suggest that, in the future, certain editorial headaches may be avoided by issuing a list of caveats to all contributing authors:

(1) Although primary stress is to be on the writer's "work," the discovery of artistic unity in that work does not in itself insure a lively interpretation (see *Cooper and Lardner*).

(2) Protracted discussion and analysis of the minor works of a minor writer can be deadly dull (*Cable*).

(3) But when three out of six chapters are organized around an author's masterpiece, a full and exciting explication of that work will be necessary (*Crane*).

(4) Large accumulations of familiar facts will be warranted only when they are informed by a vitalizing idea (*Howells*).

(5) Long quotations and undigested footnotes carry the smell of the dissertation and the typical *Modern Language Association Publication* article and should be removed (*Woolson*).

(6) Let concluding estimates be modest and sane. (Poe: "America's greatest writer, and the American writer of greatest significance in world literature"; Cabell: a "major" author whether or not one finds him "even readable at all.")

(7) Major authors providing more then a century of critical perspective should be allowed proportionally more space than recent authors. (*Poe*, 133 pp.; *Marquand*, 175 pp.; *Welty*, 190 pp.)

(8) A "selected bibliography" which lists the Holy Bible, unpublished dissertations by the half dozen, *Hamlet*, and the fiction of Hawthorne, Dreiser, Crane and Hemingway may be judged idiosyncratic (*Dos Passos*).

(9) Since Twayne does not provide the services of a scholarly press, authors are urged to discover their own factual errors (*Kirkland*) and faulty allusions (*Gale*).

Beyond these editorial matters, the Twayne Series raises a larger issue. The monograph on the minor novelist or poet — necessarily the majority in Twayne's long list — requires a seasoned scholar, (provided one agrees that the second- or third-rank author warrants a book-length study at all). In the hands of an F. O. Matthiessen or Henry Nash Smith, the minor work has become a significant cultural document.

But the fledgling scholar is usually not prepared to illuminate the career of a minor literary figure. He isn't equipped with the historical perspective or the ability to create the cultural setting of the literary work. He doesn't know how to find and explore the impact of the author's times on his work. On leaving graduate school today, the literary scholar has mainly acquired a do-it-yourself bag of tools for explicating the masterpiece. He knows how to measure binarism and paradox, how to count images, how to describe "unity."

It is unfortunate that the Twayne Series stresses analysis of a writer's work mainly in this narrow, textual sense. Such analysis simply does not take one very far when applied to the thinner work of minor American authors. The critic can apprise us of the thinness and then try to make some claim for it. Yet this too brings us no closer to a broad view of American literature. Our cultural past remains unclaimed and undisturbed.

If the Twayne Series reflects an American faith that frenetic activity must issue, willy-nilly, into some sort of progress, the current "University of Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers" series, by contrast, is unhurried and firmly guided. It is openly commercial. ("Orders must be for a minimum of three pamphlets, same or assorted title. Distributed to elementary and high schools in U. S. by McGraw-Hill.") Edited by Professors O'Connor, Tate and Warren, this forty-five-page digest form of taking one's literary criticism should have wide appeal. We are, after all, a nation which likes to receive its information through "briefing" rather than in depth.

But in addition to their convenient size, most of the thirty or more pamphlets which have appeared in the Minnesota series possess both uniformity of approach and liveliness of treatment. The critics are men of the establishment whose names, in many cases, are naturally linked to their authors — Edel with James, Schorer with Lewis, Howard with Melville, Hornberger with Franklin. To distill their author's achievement into small space, many have established an organizing theme. Holman's *Thomas Wolfe* uses "patterns of opposites." Unger defines Eliot's poetry as "variations on the theme of isolation." Ross's *The American Short Story* (one of the weakest in the series) refers to the dicta of Aristotle and Poe. Thompson's *Frost* is organized around interlocking "contraries" in both the poet and his work.

These brief introductions to major American writers will be valuable to nonspecialists — students, public school teachers, general readers — who want, as we said, no more than a briefing. For this purpose, they are far superior to the older "Tennyson, How To Know Him" shorthand scholarship which they faintly resemble. Even the specialist may be heartened by some of these essays. Auchincloss' *Edith Wharton*, Brinnin's *William Carlos Williams*, and Leary's *Washington Irving* are all vigorous and provocative. The series constitutes no reassessment of American literary figures. But neither does it pretend to.

Brief mention should be given to the Barnes and Noble "American Authors and Critics Series" under way at a modest pace and rather careful editorial direction. Wider in scope than the Minnesota Pamphlet, these inexpensive, illustrated monographs promise to be critically superior to the Twayne Series. Walker's *Cooper*, for example, is both scholarly and entertaining. Where Twayne's author argues to the point of tedium that Cooper dramatized his moral concerns, Walker makes Cooper a lively author whom one wants to go back and read again. Hochfield's *Henry Adams* is an excellent introduction to Adams the writer and a cogent interpretation of his idealism; Walser's *Wolfe* is lucid and well proportioned. But the reader strikes soft spots here too; Baldanza's *Mark Twain*, for example, is a useful study of Twain's development as a man and writer, but when the reader reaches *Huckleberry Finn* in the climactic next-to-last chapter, he receives no more than a curiously stark and pointless recital of the story. Nevertheless, these monographs have made a fairly distinguished beginning; the series may achieve riper and broader criticism than Twayne, and also dare to challenge the standard conclusions of Minnesota's critics. We shall then begin to have a quickened sense of our cultural past and a proper reassessment of American literary art.

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Art

Max Kozloff

By the nicest good fortune, we are treated at the Wildenstein Toulouse-Lautrec centennial to one of the most illuminating of the artist's canvases. It is his "Parody on the Sacred Wood Dear to the Arts and Muses of Puvis de Chavannes." Into the ascetic bower of Puvis, populated by statuesque nymphs, Lautrec introduces a Montmartre crowd, including his own diminutive person, moseying around under the chaperonage of a gendarme. On the face of it, no better summation of Lautrec's "message" can be imagined. The impish intrusion of real life into the classic canon, the affirmation of the present rather than worship of the past, and a redefinition of art as a study of the particular, as opposed to the general: these impulses underline his whole production. But, in turning his back on the frozen charade of Puvis, Lautrec was also rejecting an artist cherished by the greatest painters of his generation: Gauguin, Van Gogh, Seurat, even Henri Rousseau. If, in many respects, Lautrec was acutely representative of his time, he was also somewhat out of step with its *avant-garde*.

Born in 1864, Lautrec came of age with the Post-Impressionists, at a moment precisely when ambitious art was forming itself into the earliest movements of our tradition: the Nabi, Neo-Impressionism, the School of Pont-Aven, etc. With the exception of Degas (who was Lautrec's real master) and, of course, Cézanne, forces were being grouped along ideological lines that mapped out separate territories of aesthetic inquiry. And these had little enough in common except a rampant dissatisfaction with what was felt to be the materialism, and more, the instantaneousness of Impressionist sensation. Felix Fénéon, the great admirer of Seurat, put it as follows: "The phenomenon of the sky, of water, of shrubbery, varies from second to second, according to the original Impressionists. To cast one of these fugitive aspects upon canvas—that was the goal. Hence the necessity to capture a landscape in one sitting and an inclination to make nature grimace in order to prove conclusively that the moment is unique and will never occur again."

Much of the anti-Impressionist energy of the *avant-garde* of 1890 was devoted to locking forms into place, setting up vast decorative schemes, and erasing the fugitive from the natural world. In order to carry out such a program, however, a painter needed, if not some certification, then oblique reference to stable or primitive elements of the past. In character, the Post-Impressionist era was generally revivalist (although this is by no means to say reactionary). To all this, if it had any impact on him whatsoever, Lautrec was opposed.

He was, rather, an Impressionist who transferred a typical candor of observation from landscape to society. Time and again, commentators refer to his quickness of eye and the liveliness of his hand, and yet fail to conclude, not only that these were the supreme Impressionist virtues, but alone made possible that objectivity which stood counter to an atmosphere bent on symbolist or emotional subjugation of appearances. To be sure, Lautrec was a psychologist and a raconteur. But coming from the highest aristocracy, he had no polemical or sentimental interest in the lower classes, and saw them as they were.

Yet, since sensitivity to tone and awareness of color-light contrasts were

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From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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not the primary requirements for social portrayal, Lautrec had to modify the whole Impressionist vocabulary. The resulting style was sheer improvisation—chromatic masses that splayed off into line, and a kind of showering of images with vivacious accents: immensely charming because it was made up as he went along. Lautrec conscripted all that was characterizing and calligraphic in the Impressionist brush stroke, and discarded all that was an equivalent of an optical sensation. Or almost all, because there still trembles, in the canvases in the Wildenstein show, a most delicate perception of luminous and airy fluctuations. That transparent dapple of his is like an X-ray version of Impressionism, useful because it can still "situate" each of his personages, but expressive too, because it elastically registered the nervousness of his hand.

Thus Lautrec's style abstracted from the terms of his immediate forebears. From our vantage point, that is what made him a progressive artist, but in his own context, the change was quite problematical, because those of his impulses that were documentary conflicted with the claims of his synthetic and elliptical imagination. If one examines this conflict with respect to the relation of surface to volume, one sees in Lautrec a dilemma by no means uncommon for the time. The more schematic was his emphasis on the two-dimensionality of the plane, the more decorative he became, but also the more artificial his results. By siphoning off these decorative instincts into the poster, he subjected a previously commercial mode to one of the most highly developed pictorial intelligences in French art — and came through with a brilliant, unequivocal invention. Conversely, by bringing that same intelligence to bear upon the rather traditional field of caricature, he livened its possibilities beyond any precedent. Both were inspired displacements of his talents. Yet, in the midground between poster and caricature, that region where Lautrec committed most of his energies, he was threatened with an unconvincing hybrid because of spatial inconsistency.

To depict figures in depth, as well as individual volumes, he developed a highly articulate contour that constantly suggested the rounding off a form without resort to modeling. But this sharpened the focus of certain features almost to the point of illustration—a conservative technique—while other areas might, by contrast, look muzzy, or "uncooked." Lautrec, at his best, solved this by moving his catalytic focuses unexpectedly around the composition, employing sudden croppings and exaggerated flattenings, all shot through with abrupt silhouettes and flouncy slashes. It is a strategy of hit and run, of deliberate misalliance, whose mercurial consequences might look sketchy, but never imprecise. In short, he makes one so aware of picture dynamics and the reciprocity of image and ground, that the work exists freely created, while charged with an animation in which his diverse resources coalesce as if by accident. A masterpiece of this style is "La Goulue at the Moulin Rouge," 1891-2.

As for his subject matter, Lautrec was, in the words of Lionello Venturi, "the first among the great artists to specialize in the representation of vice; he understood perfectly its nature as vice, but he had a spontaneous need to enjoy himself which was basically a way of escape." Yet, there is reason to think that Lautrec's escape was not, for example, that of Beardsley who saw in decadence and perversion a terrific glamour. Lautrec may have enjoyed the spectacle of vice, but his enjoyment was paradoxically neutralized by his being without any illusion whatsoever. Consequently, he is neither naughty nor moralistic. And compared with his treatment of sexuality, the approaches of his great colleagues, Renoir, Bonnard and Rodin, seem mawkish or idealistically animal.

In his attitude toward the sensuous, Lautrec was quite complex. On one hand, he seems to have had a Mediterranean lack of tension about physical ruin and ugliness (he was, after all, a Southerner), but a totally Northern, that is, irregular and anti-Classic, sense of form. If the ambience he portrayed decked itself out farcically and garishly, Lautrec would see in its real falseness of color, and its gaslit theatricality, ways of enhancing the artifice and vicarious intensity of those objects which were his pictures. Despite the uncanny acuteness of his commentary, one feels not so much his emotional participation, as a pictorial detachment which coldly feeds off certain perversities of the motif only to heighten the visual piquancy of the creation. In the realm of chromatics, for instance, where the Impressionists tended to lift color off objects, Lautrec redeposited it, by means, perhaps not so corrosive as the absinthe about which one observer speculated, but nevertheless of a lightly touched-in tartness. And, as an analogue of his colors — those viridians and siennas, creams and purples — emerges Lautrecian gesturing, which is jumpy and gangling, expressed everywhere by an intuitive *gaminerie*, and lines of a monkeylike suppleness.

Here, if need be, is the Impressionist grimace—made durable and compelling; and here, too, is the region into which Lautrec escaped: a hedonism uniquely pungent when compared with the more fragrant pleasures of contemporary painting. (Not that he was averse to these either, as is witnessed by his Art Nouveau lithographs of Loïe Fuller, where he lets down the finest and most ethereal of ink drizzles from a scraped toothbrush.) It might almost have been of the hedonism evoked by Lautrec that Oscar Wilde wrote that ". . . it was never to accept any theory or system that would involve the sacrifice of any mode of passionate experience. Its aim, indeed, was to be experience itself, and not the fruits of experience, sweet or bitter as they might be. Of the asceticism that deadens the senses, as of the vulgar profligacy that dulls them, it was to know nothing. But it was to teach man to concentrate himself upon the moments of a life that is itself but a moment."

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1048

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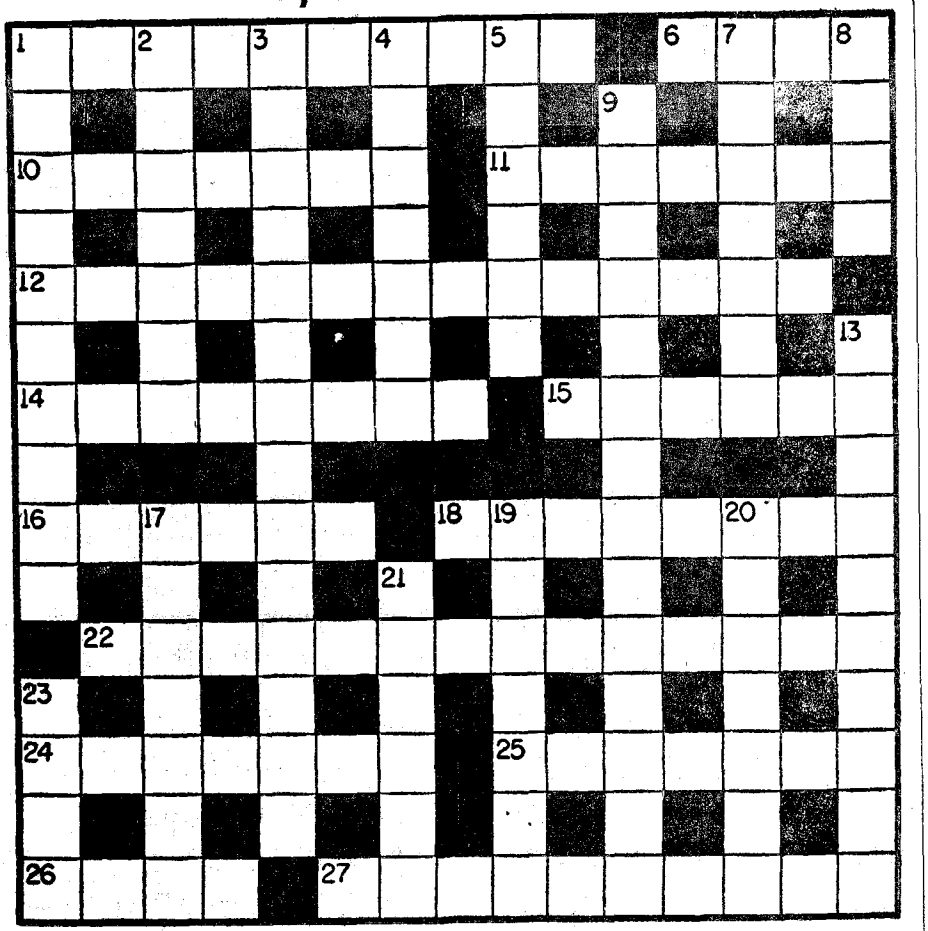

ACROSS:

1 The purpose of the lighter ace might win it. (5, 5)
6 Run quickly — it would take nothing to make money once. (4)
10 Will the quality of your painting be spotty if you do? (7)
11 Chicken French military man? Bow near the place of his birth! (7)
12 Legal exercise? (14)
14 He wrote of what happened accidentally about the chewed-up carpet. (8)
15 You can get the early stage here.
16 Sister joins the labor movement as a representative. (6)
18 What might be said must make bowls during the holidays. (8)
22 Bligh went after more than one. (10, 4)
24 Lamb might be hop-headed, in a way, and jumped into the water.
25 By which a condition is introduced.
27 Distorted reports set the final stage for certain marchers. (10)

DOWN:

1 Where the player racks up part of the score? (5, 5)
2 Turpentine might be less extensive.
3 Supposedly they call it badly after a shot. (14)
4 and 26 Military men got into trouble for going where the indigent supposedly once went. (4, 3, 4)
5 A fine point. (6)
7 A bad cut near this would spoil a type of unusual race! (7)
8 Drake was a friend of the better type, according to Halleck. (4)
9 Common coat, said to be what some inns provide. (14)
13 Noisy, but if it's ours, so be it! (10)
17 Does his tusk keep him from getting into deep trouble? (7)
19 The sound of one who carries the trunk and charges according to its direction in the old days. (7)
20 Estimate, by the sound of it, to make higher. (7)
21 What Lothario has is a very loud tune. (6)
23 Reputedly drawn to the singer? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1047

ACROSS: 1 Snake; 4 Pantheism; 9 Noxious; 10 Unbosom; 11 and 24 across Heel taps; 12 Chore; 13 Aped; 16 Skysail; 17 Lepidus; 19 Succumb; 22 Phantom; 25 Ships; 26 Emil; 29 Sorghum; 30 Evident; 31 Sedentary; 32 Titan. DOWN: 1 Synthesis; 2 Anxiety; 3 Eton; 4 Paschal; 5 Neutral; 6 Hobo; 7 Insipid; 8 Mimed; 14 Gamut; 15 and 28 Spearmint; 18 Simpleton; 20 Capered; 21 Bohemia; 22 Peppery; 23 Tempest; 24 Tasks; 27 Shun.

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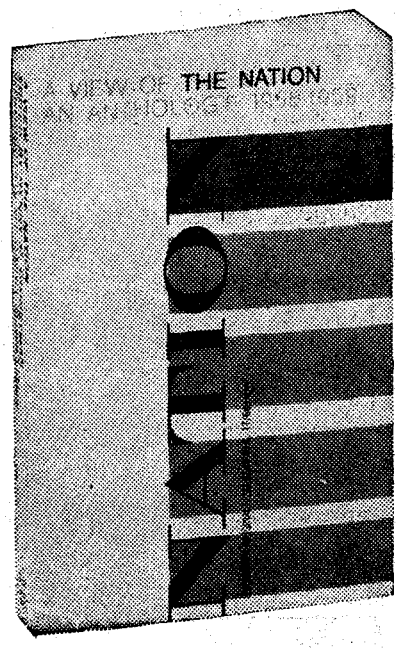

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